



Twins



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Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

➤ Prologue ➤

Mr Jayne,

25 December, Christmas 1985

5 days ago, on Christmas, the Black household was attacked by a rogue Fae. 2 dead, 1 injured, 1 missing. The parents of 2, Jeliza and Maxwell Black were both found with a lack of soul.

Konstantine Black, 1 of the 2 sons of Jeliza and Maxwell was found injured and barely alive. He is now in the Crystal Lakes Hospital. The second son, Miran Black, has not been found. In his state of shock, Konstantine stated that he was kidnapped by the attacker.

This case will be investigated by 3 of the police department's top detectives. We would like you to become a part of this case as you have never failed to solve any case we have ever given you. Please take the time to consider if you will co-operate in the case.

When Konstantine Black is out of hospital, we would very much appreciate it if you could be his caretaker and legal guardian until we are able to find a family willing to adopt the child. He is 13

years of age and well educated. He is high maintenance because of his state of shock but is a genuinely obedient child. Please

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Thank you,

Sir William J Marren, Head of Police Department

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⇒Chapter 1⇐

High Maintenance

Mr Michael Jayne was sitting in his study. Asleep. The time was 12:00pm. Midnight. He slept a dreamless sleep. 48 hours of uninterrupted work does that to you. This case had been going on for 3 years now. The hardest case Mr Jayne had ever faced. The boy was probably dead. The kidnapper had never sent a ransom.

As Mr Jayne slept, a figure creeped past his office. Quietly. That is until he stubbed his toe on a table leg and knocked over an antique vase, causing it to smash. Mr Jayne awoke and turned on his side lamp. "Konstantine. Sneaking out again." He said.

Konstantine black sat lazily on an armchair. He never listened to his father's lectures. Why should he? He wasn't even Konstantine's real father. His real father was dead, along with his mother. The only hope of real family he had left was the slight chance that his twin was still alive. The brother he had lost to a Fae. The Fae that had caused him to lie. To sneak out every night just to seek revenge. To hide the real reason he left each night.

"Konstantine, I have been wondering where you go each night and I think, now that I have caught you, I deserve to know" Although Mr Jayne said that he already knew, deep inside, why he went out. He also knew Konstantine would lie. "Michael, really, you don't need to worry! It was just this time! It's not like i go out every night!" There it is. The lie that Mr Jayne was waiting for. Fae hunting was dangerous. Hundreds of Supernatural hunters died every year from hunting Fae. Konstantine could get himself killed. "Just be truthful please Konstantine. I already

know what you do. I just want to hear it from you" Konstantine's face went pale. If his father knew about the hunting, Konstantine would be in for a long house arrest. Unless...

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in a cage. This was his own father. Well, adopted one. "I'm very sorry Konstantine but I can't have you getting hurt. Yes, I know, losing your brother was hard but sneaking out every night and hunting the potential kidnapper is completely insane and you should know that" He had said. "Fae are dangerous creatures and posses incredible power. The hunters have to take special precautions when hunting them. They don't just go and kill them!" So now Konstantine was not to leave the house unless he was with Mr Jayne.

"Konstantine! I'm going out! Stay here and be good!" Mr Michael Jayne was being his usual cheery self. Acting as if he hadn't found out that his adopted son was going out in the middle of the night. That his adopted son wasn't risking his life to illegally hunt Fae. Acting like everything was alright. Even though it wasn't.

Chapter 2 by The Author



No Limits; Just please don't ruin my hard work with something stupid...

I waited until I could no longer hear my father's footsteps. Damn him and his self righteous attitude, he doesn't understand me. No one does as soon as I heard the door shut I closed my eyes and concentrated, this was my true secret the only reason that I was still alive after all these years of hunting the fabled Fae. I felt heat and energy rise into my hand the cuffs fell to the ground they had been burned through by me, I still can't believe that I can do things like this. I shuddered as I remembered the first time that I had used this power.

It was a dark night, the moon was covered completely by ominous dark clouds. The streets were deathly silent, it was like a ghost town. I had tracked the Fae down to this secluded town where a large number of citizens had gone missing without proper explanation, as I glanced at the dark street from my perch up in the rooftops my eyes picked up movement. A normal person would've mistaken this for a mere trick of the mind however I was anything but ordinary, I knew that this was the Fae that I had been chasing I could feel it in my blood.

I dropped down from the safety of my hiding spot and approached the unsuspecting Fae from

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pointy ears, it's eyes were a deep and velvety purple just like the dawn sky. It's ethereal beauty enchanted me for a long time and I forgot the purpose of my being there. It opened its mouth and spoke, the words that came out would alter the path of my destiny forever.

"What is your wish half-son of the fairy king Oberon"

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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